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THESE  
SACRED HYMNS

ARE INSCRIBED, WITH GRATITUDE,

TO THE WORTHY

PARISHONERS OF ALL SAINTS,

BY THEIR MUCH OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

CH. AVISON, ORGANIST.

THESE

SACRED WRITINGS

ARE INSERTED IN CERTAIN

TO THE HONORARY

PARISHIONERS OF ALL SAINTS

BY THEIR WARDEN COLLECTED

AND NOT FOR SALE

HUMBLE SERVANT

CH. WILSON, ORGANIST.



# COLLECTION

OF

## H Y M N S.

### H Y M N I.

**M**Y God, who makes the Sun to know,  
His proper hour to rise;  
And to give light to all below,  
Dost send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,  
His morning race begins;  
He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun would I fulfil  
The bus'ness of the day,  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy heavenly grace,  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

## HYMN II.

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth,  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redrest,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,  
 Thy tender care bestow'd ;  
 Before my tender heart conceiv'd,  
 From whom these comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry path of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine hand, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

( 9 )  
H Y M N III.

**T**H E Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherds care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,  
Amidst the verdent landscapes flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou O Lord art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren ground shall also smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

---

H Y M N IV.

**G**L O R Y to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me ! O Keep me, king of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;  
Sleep, that may me more active make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

Shou'd death itself my sleep invade,  
Why should I be of death afraid?  
Protected by thy saving arm,  
Though he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, -and labour rest;  
If with thy gracious presence blest;  
Then welcome sleep, or Death to me,  
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

---

H Y M N V.

---

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.



His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay and form'd us men ;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love ;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

---

H Y M N VI.

**O**N thee, each morning, O my God,  
 My waking thoughts attend ;  
 In whom are founded all my hopes,  
 And all my wishes end.

*Three persons but in Godhead one,  
 Be glory ever more.*

My soul in pleasing wonder lost,  
 Thy boundless love surveys ;  
 And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares  
 Her sacrifice of praise.

*Three persons, &c.*

Thou leadst me through the maze of sleep,  
 And bringst me safe to light ;  
 And with the same paternal care,  
 Conductst my steps till night.

*Three persons, &c.*

## H Y M N VII.

**W**ITH my heart's sincere intention,  
 Lord, my pray'r shall be prefer'd;  
 I will make melodious mention,  
 Of the wonders, of thy word!

Towering with a precious relish  
 Of celestial joys, I fly,  
 And my songs I will embellish  
 With thy name, O thou most high!

For thou ever art propitious,  
 To the poor in their distress,  
 And from men and times malicious,  
 With thy shelter thou wilt bless.

## H Y M N VIII.

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,  
 Thy daily stage of duty run:  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,  
 And live this day as if thy last;  
 Thy talents to improve take care,  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience as the noon day clear;  
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works, thy ways.

Lord

( 11 )  
Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest, this day,  
All I desire, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may delight.

---

### H Y M N. IX.

**L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house ;  
Accept as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy servants rise.

Thine early Sabbaths, Lord, I love ;  
But there's a noble rest above :  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight, nor no clouded sun,  
But sacred light, eternal noon.

O, long expected day ! begin ;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :  
Fain would we leave this dreary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

## H Y M N X.

**M**Y shepherd is the living Lord,  
 Nothing therefore I need:  
 In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,  
 He setteth me to feed.

*Glory, honour, praise and power,  
 Be unto the lamb for ever more;  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.*

He shall convert and glad my soul,  
 And bring my mind in frame;  
 To walk in paths of righteousness,  
 For his most holy name.

*Glory, honour, &c.*

Yea, tho' I walk in vale of death,  
 Yet will I fear no ill:  
 Thy rod and staff do comfort me,  
 And thou art with me still.

*Glory, honour, &c.*

And in the presence of my foes,  
 My table thou shalt spread;  
 Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou  
 Anointed hast my head.

*Glory, honour, &c.*

Thro' all my life, thy favours were  
 So frankly shew'd to me,  
 That in thy house for evermore,  
 My dwelling place shall be.

*Glory, honour, &c.*



## H Y M N XI.

**T**H E spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue æthereal sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim:  
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land,  
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the ev'ning-shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth:  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round this vast terrestrial ball?  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 The hand that made us, is divine.

## H Y M N XII.

**C**OME Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

B

Look

Look how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys ;  
 Our souls how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise ;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

Father, shall we then ever live,  
 At this poor dying rate ;  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
 With all thy heav'nly pow'rs ;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

### H Y M N XIII.

**L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
 A whole assembly worship thee !  
 At once they sing, at once they pray,  
 They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go ;  
 'Tis like a little heav'n below :  
 Not all my pleasures and my play,  
 Shall tempt me to forget the day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
 The texts and doctrines of thy word ;  
 That I may break thy laws no more,  
 But love the better than before.

With

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine;  
 That hoping pardon through his blood,  
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise him all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, angelic host;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#### H Y M N XIV.

**T**HIS is the day, the Lord's own day,  
 A day of holy rest:  
 O teach our souls to rest from sin,  
 That rest will please thee best.  
 This is the day, the day, O Lord!  
 On which thou didst arise;  
 For sinners having made thyself  
 A sinless sacrifice.

Thou, thou alone, redeemed hast  
 Our souls from deadly thrall;  
 With no less price than thy own blood,  
 The purchase of us all.  
 Hadst thou not dy'd, we had not liv'd,  
 But dy'd eternally;  
 We'll live to him who dy'd for us,  
 And praise his name on high.

Thou, Lord, didst die and rise again,  
 And didst ascend on high,  
 That we, poor, lost, and dead,  
 Might live eternally.

Thy blood was shed instead of ours ;  
 Thy soul our guilt did bear :  
 Thou tookst our sins, gav'st us thyself ;  
 Thy love's beyond compare.

Welcome and dear unto my soul  
 Is thy most holy day :  
 May I th' eternal Sabbath keep  
 With God, my strength and stay !  
 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;  
 Thy foot-steps, Lord, I trace :  
 I joy to think this is the way  
 To see my Saviour's face.

These are my preparation days,  
 And when my soul is drest,  
 These sabbath's shall deliver me  
 To thy eternal rest.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 All glory be therefore ;  
 As in beginning was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

## H Y M N XV.

**C**LAP your hands, ye people all,  
 Praise the Lord on whom ye call ;  
 Lift your voice and shout his praise,  
 Triumph in his sov'reign grace.

Glorious is the Lord most high,  
 Terrible in majesty ;  
 He his sov'reign sway maintains ;  
 King o'er all the earth he reigns.

He



He the people shall subdue,  
 Make us kings and cong'rors too  
 Force the nations to submit,  
 Bruise our sins beneath his feet.

He shall bless his ransom'd ones,  
 Number us with Israel's sons;  
 God our heritage shall prove,  
 Give us all a lot of love.

Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Takes his seat above the sky;  
 Shout the angels choirs aloud,  
 Echoing to the trump of God.

Sons of earth, the triumph join,  
 Praise him with the host divine;  
 Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,  
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

---

### H Y M N XVI.

**M**Y God ! and is thy table spread,  
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
 Thither be all thy children led,  
 And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain,  
 Before unwilling hearts display'd ?  
 Was not for you the victim slain ?  
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?

O let thy table honour'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests!  
 And may each soul salvation see,  
 That here its sacred pledges taste.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;  
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend:  
 Nor, when we leave our father's board,  
 The pleasure or the profit end.

Receive thy dying churches, Lord!  
 And bid our drooping graces live:  
 And more than energy afford:  
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

---

### H Y M N XVII.

**A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
 Who once at distance stood:  
 And to effect this glorious change,  
 Did Jesus shed his blood!

Oh! for a song of ardent praise  
 To bear our souls above!  
 What should allay our lively hope,  
 Or damp our flaming love?

Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,  
 And bring us yet more near:  
 Here we may see thy glories shine,  
 And taste thy mercies here.

Oh! may that love which spread thy board,  
 Dispose us for thy feast:  
 May faith behold a smiling God,  
 Thro' Jesu's bleeding breast.

Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise,  
 In such a scene as this; **M Y H**  
 And view the happy moment near.  
 That shall complete our bliss.

---

**H Y M N XVIII.**

**A**ND now another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;  
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known,  
 His Providence and grace,

But, how my childhood runs to waste!  
 My sins how great their sum!  
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Let angels guard my head;  
 And thro' the hours of darkness deep,  
 Keep watch around my bed.

With chearful heart I close my eyes,  
 Since thou wilt not remove:  
 And in the morning let me rise,  
 Rejoicing in thy love.

**H Y M N**

**H Y M N**

## H Y M N XIX.

**H**OW glorious is our heavenly king,  
 Who reigns above the sky!  
 How shall a child presume to sing  
 His dreadful majesty?

How great his pow'r is—none can tell,  
 Nor think how large his grace;  
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
 On high, before his face:

Not angels that stand round the Lord,  
 Can search his secret will;  
 But they perform his holy word,  
 And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,  
 And my first off'rings bring:  
 Th' Eternal God will not disdain  
 To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
 And angels shall rejoice,  
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
 Sound from a feeble voice.

## H Y M N. XX.

**I**SING the Almighty power of God  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad  
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing



I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
 That fill'd the earth with food ;  
 He form'd the creatures with his word,  
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn mine eye ;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below,  
 But makes thy glories known ;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)  
 Are subject to thy care ;  
 There's not a place where we can flee,  
 But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love,  
 With wrath in hell beneath !  
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,  
 He keeps me with his eye :  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is for ever nigh ?

**HYMN**

## H Y M N XXI.

**B**LEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,  
 The justice and the grace,  
 That join'd in council to restore,  
 And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
 And from his glory fell ;  
 And we his children thus were brought  
 To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son,  
 To take our flesh and blood ;  
 He for our lives gave up his own,  
 To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his father's laws,  
 Which we have disobey'd ;  
 He bore our sins upon the cross,  
 And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave !  
 Behold him rais'd on high !  
 He pleads his merit there, to save  
 Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
 And by his pow'r divine ;  
 Redeems us from the slavish train  
 Of Satan, and from sin.

There shall the Lord to judgement come,  
 And with a sov'reign voice  
 Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,  
 While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear  
Before the judge's face,  
And, with the bless'd assembly there,  
Sing his redeeming grace.

---

H Y M N XXII.

**G** R E A T G O D ! to thee my voice I raise;  
To thee my youngest years belong :  
I would begin my life with praise,  
'Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe,  
That I was born on British ground ;  
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,  
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land  
For rich Peru, with all her gold ;  
A nobler prize lies in my hand,  
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell,  
Where ignorance and darkness reign ;  
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,  
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,  
Kindle my hope and my desire ;  
While all the preachers of thy word,  
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
Since thou has mark'd my way to heav'n ;  
Nor will I run the way to death,  
Nor waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXIII.

**L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
 And not to chance, as others do,  
 That I was born of Christian race,  
 And not a heathen, or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,  
 And Jewish prophets once have given,  
 Could they have heard the glorious things  
 Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n.

How glad the heathens would have been,  
 That worship idols, wood and stone,  
 If they the book of God had seen,  
 Or Jesus had his gospel shewn.

Then if this gospel I refuse,  
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?  
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews,  
 Against me will in judgment rise.

## H Y M N XXIV.

**G**REAT GOD, with wonder, and with  
 praise,  
 On all thy works I look;  
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,  
 Shine brightest in thy book,

The stars that in their courses roll,  
 Have much instruction given;  
 But thy good word informs my soul  
 How I may climb to heaven,

The



The fields provide me food, and show  
 The goodness of the Lord ;  
 But fruits of life and glory grow  
 In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid ;  
 Here my best comfort lies ;  
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
 And here my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
 Shew what my faults have been ;  
 And from thy gospel let me draw  
 Pardon for all my sin.

Now have I learnt how Christ has dy'd,  
 To save my soul from hell ;  
 Not all the books on earth beside,  
 Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,  
 And take a fresh delight,  
 By day to read these wonders o'er,  
 And meditate by night.

To God the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit, One in Three,  
 As is, as was, ere time begun,  
 Eternal glory be !

# H Y M N XXV.

**T**HIS is the day, when Christ arose  
 So early from the dead :  
 Why should I keep my eye-lids close,  
 And waste my hours in bed.

C

This

This is the day when Jesus broke  
 The pow'r of death and hell ;  
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
 And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
 To pray and hear the word,  
 And I would go with cheerful feet,  
 To learn thy will, O Lord !

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,  
 And so prepare for heav'n ;  
 O may I love this blessed day  
 The best of all the sev'n.

### H Y M N XXVI.

**T**Riumphal notes, and hymns of joy,  
 To thee, our God, we'll sing :  
 Thy praises shall our lips employ,  
 O Salem's peaceful king.

Thou mak'st the world obey thy will,  
 Whose will is always best :  
 Thy word bids winds and waves be still,  
 And chides them into rest.

Thy sacred spirit on Jordan's stream  
 Descended like a dove :  
 Thou didst from wrath and sin redeem,  
 Thy law, is peace and love.

That law, by our kind Patron's care,  
 We now are daily taught ;  
 Tho' once far off, we now are near,  
 As those to Jesus brought.

May

May He, on ev'ry bounteous friend,  
His favours still increase,  
'Till they and we with him ascend  
To everlasting peace.

---

## H Y M N. XXVII.

**L**IFT up your heads, ye lofty gates,  
Unfold each spacious door;  
For here the King of Glory waits,  
With blessings for the poor.

'Twas love divine, 'twas sov'reign grace,  
True bounty's endless spring,  
Did us so near God's altar place,  
Where we may fit and sing.

To psalms and hymns we may aspire,  
If anthems are too high;  
And follow, tho' not reach the choir,  
In decent harmony.

With holy souls we here may meet,  
And learn their songs divine;  
Their hallelujahs loud and sweet,  
With our hosannas join.

How blest, if always thus we might  
The coming hours employ;  
And singing pass to realms of light,  
And endless worlds of joy!

## H Y M N XXVIII.

**A**LL praise to him who dwells in bliss,  
 Who made both day and night,  
 Whose throne is darkness in th' abyfs  
 Of uncreated light.

Each thought and deed his piercing eyes,  
 With strictest search survey :  
 The deepest shades no more disguise,  
 Than the full blaze of day.

Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings !  
 No evil shall molest ;  
 Under the shadow of thy wings,  
 Shall they securely rest.

Thy angles shall around their beds  
 Their constant stations keep :  
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,  
 For thou dost never sleep.

May we with calm and sweet repose,  
 And heav'nly thoughts refresh'd,  
 Our eye-lids with the morn's unclofe,  
 And bless the ever-blest'd ;

To him who of all pow'r's possess'd,  
 The SON, whom we adore,  
 God over all, for ever blest'd,  
 Be glory evermore.



( 29 )  
HYMN XXIX.

For CHRISTMAS DAY.

**H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng;  
For angels no such love have known,  
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shewn,  
And peace on earth is giv'n;  
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn:  
Let heaven and earth in concert join;  
Now such a child is born!

Glory to God in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid;  
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blestful realms,  
Where Christ exalted reigns;  
And learn of the celestial choir,  
Their own immortal strains.

---

HYMN XXX.

For EASTER DAY.

**J**ESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy-day  
Who did once upon the cross,  
Suffer, to redeem our loss.

*Hallelujah!*  
*Hallelujah!*  
*Hallelujah!*  
*Hallelujah!*

Hymns of Praise then let us sing. *Hallelujah!*  
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King; *Hallelujah!*  
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, *Hallelujah!*  
 Sinners to redeem and save. *Hallelujah!*

But the pains which he endur'd, *Hallelujah!*  
 Our salvation hath procur'd: *Hallelujah!*  
 Now above the sky he's king, *Hallelujah!*  
 Where the angels ever sing. *Hallelujah!*

## H Y M N XXXI.

For GOOD FRIDAY.

**B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
 Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
 How vast the love which him inclin'd  
 To bleed and die for thee!

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
 And earth's strong pillars bend:  
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks;  
 The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done: the precious ransom's paid;  
 Receive my soul, he cries:  
 See where he bows his sacred head!  
 He bows his head, — he dies!

Tho' soon he'll break death's envious chains,  
 And in full glory shine;  
 O Lamb of God! were ever pains,  
 Was ever grief like thine?

Since

Since far unequal our low praise  
 Must to thy suff'rings prove,  
 O Lamb of God! Thus all our days,  
 Thus will we grieve and love.

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## HYMN XXXII.

*For* WHITSUNDAY.

**C**REATOR-SPIRIT! to Thee this day  
 Our humble thanks we bring:  
 That breath thou gav'st us, we repay,  
 And thus thy praises sing,

Thy seven-fold energy divine,  
 We honour and implore:  
 O let thy graces on us shine,  
 While we thy pow'r adore.

Both strength and comfort flow from Thee:  
 Thy unction from above  
 In wisdom, joy, and purity,  
 Is light and fire of love.

When born in sin and heirs of wrath,  
 Lost and defil'd we lay,  
 Thy pure regenerating bath  
 Did purge our stains away.

Thou in that sacred laver dost  
 The heav'nly seed impart!  
 O prosper what thou sow'd at first  
 In each believing heart.

HYMN

## H Y M N XXXIII.

*For TRINITY-SUNDAY.*

**O** FATHER of unbounded merit,  
 Root of the sacred THREE !  
 Thou spring of being, life and light,  
 To Thee all glory be,

To Thee, Great Co-eternal Mind,  
 No less of praise we pay,  
 Who in the sacred laver join'd,  
 Hast wash'd our sins away.

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
 The Father Spirit, and Son,  
 Thus we thy wond'rous name record,  
 The Lord our God is One,

Thus thro' the ages all along,  
 As was in ages past,  
 The churches and the angels song,  
 Shall time itself outlast.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

*For a FAST DAY.*

**G**REAT GOD of Hosts attend our pray'r,  
 And make the British isles thy care;  
 To Thee we raise our suppliant cries,  
 While angry nations 'round us rise.

Fain



Fain would they tread our glory down,  
 And in the dust defile our crown;  
 Deluge our houses with our blood,  
 And burn the temples of our God.

But, 'midst the thunder of their rage,  
 We thy protection would engage;  
 O raise thy saving arm on high,  
 And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

May Britain as one man be led,  
 To make the Lord her fear and dread;  
 Our souls no other fears shall know,  
 Tho' earth were leagu'd with hell below.

Give ear, ye countries from afar,  
 Ye proud associate nations, hear;  
 While fix'd on Him who rules the sky,  
 Our hearts your threat'ned war defy.

Your people gird themselves in vain,  
 Your scatter'd force unite again;  
 Again shall all that force be broke,  
 When God with us shall deal the stroke.

Now he records our humble tears,  
 With ardent vows for future years;  
 And destines for approaching days,  
 Victorious shouts and songs of praise.

Emanuel's land shall safe remain.  
 Blest with it's Saviour's gentle reign;  
 Till ev'ry hostile rumour cease,  
 In the fair realms of perfect peace.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXXV.

**H**ASTE, O my soul! exulting rise,  
And with the glorious orb of day,  
Prepare thy morning sacrifice,  
And join creation's choral lay.

O may each sense with joy attend  
The grateful rites my soul prepares,  
My lips their holy incense blend,  
And pour with fervent zeal my pray'rs.

Glory to Thee, my God and King,  
Whose sacred guard my tent hath kept;  
Beneath the shelter of whose wing,  
In sweet security I slept.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

**I**NSPIR'D by thy Almighty Pow'r,  
I, now refresh'd, to light awake,  
And grateful hail the pleasing hour.  
When, balmy sleep, ! thy bands I break.

Still, still, Almighty King, protect  
Thy servant, thro' each circling day;  
And with thy guiding aid direct,  
My wand'ring feet, too prone to stray.

Then while life's dreary vale I roam,  
To Thee the active song I'll raise;  
And when thy mandate calls me home,  
In heav'nly choirs I'll chant thy praise.

HYMN

## H Y M N XXXVII.

SOON as the dawn has streak'd the sky,  
 To Thee, my God, my voice I'll raise :  
 Soon as the light salutes mine eye,  
 To Thee I'll tune my song of praise.

Thy hallow'd name my heart shall warm,  
 To Thee my soul her pray'r shall pour :  
 To Thee, who still secur'd from harm,  
 Preserv'st me in the midnight hour.

Still, gracious God, my heart direct,  
 May all my labours seek thy praise,  
 Do thou my heedless feet protect,  
 And still to Thee my wonder raise.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

A Wake my glory, 'ere th' approaching morn,  
 Doth with a radiant sun the sky adorn ;  
 Awake each faculty, awake and sing,  
 In holy raptures my Almighty King.

In notes divine, let my glad voice proclaim  
 His mighty Goodness, and eternal name ;  
 Let my true praises reach th' heavens above,  
 And fill my soul with rapture and with love.

But O my God ! thy wonders are too great  
 For tongue to speak, or verse to celebrate ;  
 So vast thy mercies, and thy truth so high,  
 They pierce the clouds and reach beyond the  
 sky.

H Y M N

## HYMN XXXIX.

**M**Y soul thy grateful homage pay,  
 For all the blessings thou hast known;  
 For those that mark'd the recent day,  
 And each unnumber'd moment flown.

Now night in solemn pomp array'd,  
 O'er half the globe extends his reign;  
 Now shines the floor of heaven, inlaid  
 With radiant orbs, a wond'rous train.

Grant me, O Lord, each day to live,  
 Still conscious of that coming hour,  
 When death demands, and I shall give  
 An awful tribute to his pow'er!

---

## HYMN XL.

**O** GOD, with confidence inspir'd  
 I now return to needful rest;  
 With faith and hope my bosom fir'd,  
 I feel the comforts of the blest.

But when my erring nature fails,  
 O let my pow'rful Saviour plead;  
 His sacred blood alone avails,  
 His sacred blood, for me decreed.

O may my soul in Thee repose.  
 To Thee, her hopes, her fears resign;  
 And grant my eyes in peace may close,  
 Confiding in thy pow'r divine.

HYMN



## HYMN XLI.

**E**TERNAL Glory, Lord, be thine,  
 For every blessing I have known,  
 May grateful songs of praise be mine,  
 And may those songs ascend thy throne.

My heavy eyes in sleep I'll close,  
 Secure in thy Almighty care,  
 And bid my weary limbs repose,  
 Confiding still that thou art near.

Then when the sleep of death shall come,  
 With hope and faith, let me obey,  
 That pow'r, which calls me to the tomb,  
 Expectant of eternal day!

## HYMN XLII.

**S**LEEP is death,—O make me try  
 By sleeping, what it is to die;  
 And down as gently lay my head,  
 Within my grave, as on my bed.

Howe'er I rest, Great God, let me  
 Awake again at last with Thee;  
 And thus assur'd, behold I lie  
 Securely, or to wake, or die!

These are my drowsy days; In vain  
 I now do wake, to sleep again;  
 O come that hour, when I shall never  
 Sleep again, but wake for ever.

## HYMN XLIII.

**O** LORD ! to Thee my morning song  
 With chearful voice I'll raise,  
 And join the raptur'd choir above,  
 To celebrate thy praise.

'Tis Thou that through the shades of night,  
 From danger keeps me free;  
 And all the comforts I enjoy  
 Proceed alone from Thee.

Without thy gracious guidance, Lord,  
 The air I breathe might kill;  
 For thousand arrows, wing'd with fate,  
 Attend thy awful will.

Behold how bright the morning sun  
 Through heav'n his course doth run;  
 The warbling songsters of the grove  
 Resound their notes of love.

Up, then, my soul ! the chorus join,  
 To Heav'n thy homage pay,  
 And let a bright and fervent zeal,  
 Distinguish thee to day.

To God the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit, One in Three;  
 As is, as was, ere time begun,  
 Eternal glory be.

HYMN

## HYMN XLIV.

**A**RISE, my heart, my soul arise,  
And sing his praise, until the skies  
Re-echo his ascending fame;  
My soul, O celebrate his name!

Like as a father to his child,  
So soft, so quickly reconcil'd;  
He knows the fabrick of us all,  
That dust is our original.

Man flourisheth like grass, a flower,  
That blows and withers in an hour;  
By scorching heat, by blasting wind  
Destroy'd, and leaves no print behind.

Ye ordered host of radiant stars,  
O ye his flaming ministers!  
All whom his wisdom did create,  
Through his wide empire celebrate  
His glorious name; with sweet accord,  
Join thou, my soul, to praise the Lord!

## HYMN XLV.

**H**OW blest the man whose bowels move,  
And melt with pity to the poor;  
Whose soul, with sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

His Heart contrives for their relief,  
More good than his own hands can do;  
He in the time of general grief,  
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

His soul shall live secure on earth,  
 With secret blessings on his head,  
 When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,  
 Around him multiply their dead.

Or if he languish on his couch,  
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;  
 Will save him with a healing touch,  
 Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

---

H Y M N XLVI.

**U**PON that dark, that doleful night,  
 When powers of earth and hell arose  
 Against the Son of God's delight,  
 And friends betray'd him to his foes,  
 Then ere the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;  
 What love through all his actions ran!  
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

This is my body broke for sin,  
 Receive and eat the living food;  
 Then took the cup and blest the wine;  
 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

And as his flesh with nails was torn,  
 (He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
 And justice pour'd upon his head,  
 Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.)

And



And as his vital blood was spilt,  
 To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
 (When, for black crimes of biggest size,  
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.)

Do this, (he cry'd) till time shall end,  
 In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
 Meet at my table and record,  
 The love of your departed Lord.

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
 'Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 With Thee the supper of the Lamb.

---

### H Y M N XLVII.

**M**OST dear are thy provisions, Lord,  
 Thy table furnish'd from above;  
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
 The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

Thine ancient family, the Jews,  
 Were first invited to the feast;  
 We humbly take what they refuse,  
 And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
 And help was far, and death was nigh;  
 But at the gospel call we came,  
 And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

From the highway that leads to hell,  
 From paths of darkness and despair,  
 Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,  
 Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

What shall we pay th' eternal son,  
 Who left the heav'n of his abode,  
 And to this wretched earth came down,  
 To bring us wand'ers back to God.

It cost him death to save our lives,  
 To buy our life it cost his own;  
 And all the unknown joys he gives,  
 Were bought with agonies unknown,

Our everlasting love is due  
 To him, that ransom'd sinners lost,  
 And pity'd rebels, when he knew,  
 The vast expence his love would cost.

---

### H Y M N XLVIII.

COME now adore the eternal Word,  
 'Tis he our souls hath fed;  
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord!  
 And thou th' mortal Bread,

The Manna came from lower skies,  
 But Jesus from above,  
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,  
 And rivers flow with love.

The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,  
 Who ate that heav'nly bread;  
 But these provisions which we taste,  
 Can raise us from the dead.

Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh  
 To nourish dying men;  
 And often spreads his table fresh,  
 Lest we should faint again.

Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,  
 While Jesus finds supplies;  
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
 For Jesus never dies.

Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
 But Christ, our life, shall come,  
 And his resistless pow'r shall raise,  
 Our bodies from the tomb.

---

H Y M N. XLIX.

**H**OW blest the man, for ever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
 Imputes not his iniquities;  
 He pleads no merit of reward,  
 And not on worth, but grace relies.

From

From guilt his lips and heart are free,  
 His humble joy, his holy fear,  
 With deep repentance well agree,  
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

How glorious is that righteousness  
 That hides and cancels all his sins !  
 While a bright evidence of grace  
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

# H Y M N L.

**B**R O A D is the road that leads to death,  
 And thousands walk together there ;  
 But wisdom shews a narrower path,  
 With here and there a traveller.

Deny thyself, and take thy cross,  
 Is the Redeemer's great command ;  
 Mortals must count their gold but dross,  
 If they would gain this heavenly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
 And walks the ways of God no more,  
 Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
 And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
 Create my heart entirely new,  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,—  
 Which false apostates never knew.

# H Y M N



HYMN LI.

**N**OW let the spacious world arise,  
Said the Creator Lord;  
At once the obedient earth and skies  
Rose at his sov'reign word.

Dark was the deep, the waters lay  
Confus'd and drown'd the land;  
He call'd the light,—the new born day  
Attends on his command.

He bids the clouds ascend on high,  
The clouds ascend and bear  
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,  
And float in softer air.

The liquid elements below,  
Were gather'd by his hand;  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave a solid land.

With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,  
The naked globe he crown'd:  
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,  
Or sun to warm the ground.

Then he adorn'd the upper skies;  
Behold the sun appears,  
The moon and stars in order rise  
To mark our months and years.

Out of the deep the Almighty King  
Did vital beings frame,  
And painted fowls of every wing,  
And fish of every name:

Ho

He gave the lion and the worm,  
At once their wond'rous birth;  
And gazing beast of various form,  
Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam he form'd of equal clay,  
The sov'reign of the rest;  
More glorious than they,  
With God's own image blest.

Thus glorious in the maker's eye,  
The young creation stood;  
He saw the building from on high,  
His word pronounc'd it Good.

## H Y M N LII.

### DUET.

**A**TTUNE the song to mournful strains,  
Of wrongs and woes, the song complains,  
An orphan's voice essays to swell  
The notes that tears by turns repel.

### RECITATIVE.

Left on the world's bleak waste forlorn,  
In sin conceiv'd, to sorrow born;  
By guilt and shame fore-doom'd to share  
No mother's love, no father's care;  
No guide the devious maze to tread,  
Above, no friendly shelter spread.

DUET.

## DUET.

Alone amidst surrounding strife,  
 And naked to the storms of life,  
 Despair looks round with aching eyes,  
 And sinking nature groans and dies.

## SOLO.

But who is he who deigns to claim,  
 From all the wrong'd, a father's name ?  
 To rapture turn the changing strains ;  
 'Tis God, whose hand the world sustains,  
 He smiling bends from mercy's throne,  
 And calls the fatherless his own :  
 To stranger's hands he gives the trust,—  
 We feel that stranger's hands are just ;  
 They to the poor his gifts dispence,  
 And guard the weak with his defence.

## CHORUS.

O Father, let us still be thine,  
 And claim thine heritage divine ;  
 Still blest, while gratitude repays  
 Thy endless love with endless praise !

## F I N I S.

ACT I.

Alone amidst surrounding life,  
And naked to the forces of life,  
I dwell in a world of pain and strife,  
And naked to the forces of life.

ACT II.

For who is he who dares to claim  
I found all the wisdom of a father's name,  
To cast away the clinging chains,  
The God whose hand the world sustains,  
His faith is dead, his love is dead,  
And cast the world to the winds,  
To struggle with a name that gives the lie,  
To a God whose hand the world sustains,  
They to the poor the gift of life,  
And guard the world with their own lives.

ACT III.

O Father, let us still be true,  
And claim the name of God,  
Still here, where God is true,  
The world's love with our own hearts.



THE END



